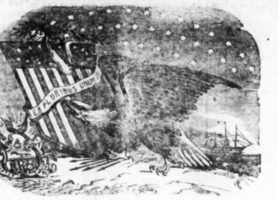

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers. UMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1418.

Original Poetry.

THE BEGGAR OF NAPLES

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The music of the marriage bell
Woke all the morning air to pleasure,
And breasts there were that rose and fell
To the delightful measure.
Oh, well it were if they might hear alway
The music of their nuptial day
Flowing as o'er enchanted lakes and streams,
Out of the land of dreams—
Sweet sounds that melt but never cease,
Dropt from celestial bells of peace.

Oh, well it were if those rare bridal flowers
Had drunken deep of life's perpetual dews,
Had drunken of those charmed showers
Forever falling in ambrosial hues
Through the far loving skies,
Beyond the flaming walls of long lost Paradise—
...

Dispensed a welcome rare.
Now that his soul had passed from its eclipse
All things at once became a glorious show—
Now could he see the painted pictures glow—
And instantly unto his lips
Rolled fragments of old song—
Fragments which had been thrown
Into his heart unknown,
And buried there had lain in silence deep and long.
He saw his fellows kneel where he had knelt
With tattered garb and supplicating air—
And for the first time in his life he felt
How mean was his attire, and that his feet were bare.

He sighed and bit his lips and passed away,
And from that day
His fellows idly as before,
Without a hope, without a care,
Stood clustered in the sunny air,
But there the beggar boy was seen no more.
...

Pictures of Life.

THE BRIDE'S TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER I.

[illegible]

Our Portrait Gallery.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

[illegible] the barricades. The firing ceased for a short time, but then a musket was fired—on which side is not known—and then a cry of "Treason" arose, and both parties commenced again the work of death. The Archbishop was thus placed between two fires: he showed no alarm; he never thought of escaping to the right or left. He advanced towards the barricade, and still accompanied by his Vicars-General, he mounted it and reached the summit. He was thus in view of both parties. The balls whistled round him, but at this time appeared to respect him. One of his attendants had three balls through his hat. But his sacrifice was to be completed. He came down from the Calvary where death had spared him, and had scarcely descended a few steps when he fell pierced in the loins by a ball which appeared to have come from a window at the side. A faithful servant who followed him, unknown to his master, endeavored to catch him in his arms, but was himself wounded in the side. [illegible]

[illegible] He afterwards confessed, and received the sacrament of extreme unction, preserving throughout his severe sufferings all his presence of mind, and expressing a satisfaction full of simplicity and grandeur at having accomplished what he called his duty. "Life is short," he often repeated, "and the term which still remained to me could have been but short; I have sacrificed little for God, for the men created in His image, and repurchased with His blood."

"On Monday morning he was carried to his Palace; and, as he passed through the streets, the people all fell on their knees with a feeling of veneration. He was escorted to his residence by a party of the Garde Mobile. The countenance of one of those gallant youths particularly struck him, as he had seen him fighting, and, after having received a wound in the head, wrest a sabre from the hand of his assailant. He beckoned him to approach, and having still strength enough to raise his arms, he detached a small crucifix which he wore suspended round his neck, and gave it to the young hero, saying—'Never part with this cross—place it near your heart; it will bring you happiness.' The young man, whose name is Francois Delavrignere, of the 7th company of the 4th battalion, joined his hands in an attitude of prayer, and swore to preserve forever the precious souvenir of the venerable dying prelate."

The good Archbishop died shortly after his arrival at his Palace, in the Ile St. Louis, blessing all around, and praying to God that his blood might be the last shed under such circumstances.

[illegible]

Original Poetry.

TO HELEN.

[illegible]

Our Correspondents.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

... of the air at 9, A. M., was 60 deg. Fahrenheit, and the mean temperature of the water was 52½ deg.

There was no thought that impressed me, on this voyage, so deeply, and remained so constantly, as the striking analogy of a voyage across the ocean to the great voyage of existence; while you are in sight of land it corresponds to the "voyage of life"—there are landmarks which show your movement, and when on the mighty deep you are in the centre of a great circle. There is nothing to denote your movement; the salt brine may foam past you, but at night, and still again in the morning, you find yourself in the centre of the circle. This—this was a most impressive and commanding emblem of Eternity—Eternity without a landmark and without a bound.

Yours, &c., L. G. O.

Selected Articles.

COUNT D'ORSAY.

The subjoined remarks in respect to this noted character, are taken from an article on "Louis Napoleon," by Henry Wikoff, Esq., which appears in the Democratic Review for the present month.

"I am speaking of the far-famed Count Alfred d'Orsay, whose reputation is spread over the fashionable world of Europe and America, but whose real merits soar much beyond the frivolous accomplishments which have given him such wide celebrity. To be celebrated at all, no matter by what means, be they high or low, elevated or vulgar, talent I consider is indispensable; and to obtain the social position held at one epoch by a Beau Brummel, and at a later by a Count d'Orsay, nothing short of mental superiority of a high cast is requisite. This idea is fully supported, at all events, in the present instance, for I have seldom in any rank of life, or amongst the higher grades of employment, encountered intellectual qualities of rarer excellence than those which distinguish a man chiefly known in the light of a vain "carpet-knight." An elegant and fascinating man of the world he undoubtedly is. An adept in dress, easy in manners, accomplished in the conventions of the drawing-room—a science apart, made up of the dictates of good breeding and the requirements of etiquette—fertile in conversation and of brilliant wit, the Count d'Orsay is certainly well qualified to realize our visionary ideas of that paragon whom the poet describes as "the mould of fashion and the glass of form."

These, however, are rather the endowments which would secure him pre-eminence in the country of his birth; for France is, *par excellence*, the land of society, and to succeed there grace of manner and charms of mind are indispensable. But in England the case is very different; and Count d'Orsay, with all his *savoir faire*, would never have reached the position he has held so many years without an equal skill and proficiency in those ruder but still manly accomplishments, which constitutes the basis of his English popularity. The best rider, the most daring sportsman, the skilful better, the inimitable shot, the unrivalled sparrer, those are the merits towering in English eyes and which have made his name so long in England familiar as a household word. Of later years, abandoning these grosser occupations, he has, with that well-praised effort which never fell short of its mark, and which explains his marvellous success in all he has undertaken, given himself wholly up to art, and his productions in painting and statuary have already thrown the world of taste in commotion, and are building him up a reputation which if less sounding than that he has hitherto enjoyed is infinitely more enviable.

But to me the attractive feature of Count d'Orsay's character has always been what the promiscuous world he lives in knows nothing about, and that is, his cultivated and aspiring intellect, which, in depth and keenness, is adequate to the comprehension of the grandest questions, and capable of estimating them accurately in their nicest details. His knowledge of men and things is extensive and rare, and his criticisms overflow with point and finesse. It is little imagined by the giddy crowd around him whose dullness is enlivened by his wit, that the showy man of fashion is a studious thinker and careful writer; and that the moments of leisure, stolen from the gay dissipations of the London world, have been devoted to the record of his impressions on life, numbering some seven volumes of manuscript. Their merit may be inferred from the flowing praise bestowed by Lord Byron on his travelling Journal, written when only twenty years of age. In a word, Count d'Orsay may be esteemed beyond comparison the admirable Crichton of the day, and I have cheerfully allowed myself to run into this digression concerning this remarkable man, as so enviable a chance may never offer to give the result of many years observation of a character variously interpreted, and little understood."

A JUDGE INTRODUCED TO THE ELEPHANT.

The introduction of Chief Justice Hornblower, of New Jersey, to the elephant, is one of the most amusing things we have read lately, although told in the plain style of a court reporter. We copy from the Newark Eagle:

The trial of Doucis, for swindling Judge Hornblower and others out of money, on pretence of getting up a fire engine for the South Ward, was brought to a close yesterday afternoon, when the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

Judge Hornblower, in giving his testimony, remarked in substance, that on or about the 16th of June last, he received a letter which purported to be an extract from the minutes of a meeting said to have been held in this city, for the purpose of forming an independent fire engine company. The writer of the letter pretended to be Chairman of the Committee on names. He stated that the company were desirous of giving his name to their machine, provided his consent could be obtained. The letter stated that the Committee on names were to meet at five o'clock that afternoon, and desired that his answer should be given at that time, and further that his answer should be direct to E. G. Rice. The Judge said he took the matter into consideration, and after some hesitation calculated to allow the use of his name, and was about folding his letter in answer to theirs, when the defendant came in. He asked if the Judge had received that letter, who in turn asked if he meant the letter about the engine? He said yes, and hoped he would consent to the use of his name. The Judge replied that he had just written, consenting to its use, but had reserved to himself, and children after him, the right of withdrawing his name if the company should ever become disorderly. On the 22nd of June this same young man came into the Judge's office. He had a subscription book in his hand, and handed it to him; it was headed with the name of Beach Vanderpool. The defendant stated that there was a handsome machine in New York, that they could obtain for eight hundred dollars, provided the money could be raised within a few days. The Judge said he supposed that they expected something from him for the honor conferred upon him. Defendant replied, just as you please. He thereupon drew his check for twenty dollars, and gave it to the defendant. After the first of July the Judge went to the bank and got his checks, and this check was among them. The Judge said he had expected for some days to be called upon for a donation for this engine.

[illegible]

The Old Times.

WHAT OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHERS DID.

THE PATRIOTIC MASSACRE.

However the Quakers of Pennsylvania might have overstrained the fashion by going down to fling supercilious defiance for their unbuttoned heads, personally they treated them kindly and courteously, and sought to win them over by acts of forbearance and politeness. They politely and always kindly addressed them as "friends" and "neighbors," on subject on which they had been successfully successful, even when surrounding collation were interposed in vain. The machinations of the French, however, had induced some tribes to raise the hatchet, and their predatory excursions and ravages were severely felt. The defeat of Braddock, in 1755, was a most disastrous circumstance; and the hostile Indians, embodied and by great a victory, ravaged the country through a series of years. The Counties of Lancaster, Northampton, and Berks, experienced the severities of the ravaging raids. Scarcely a week passed by without some instance of butchery, and the inhabitants were kept in a constant state of alarm. The French, nevertheless, kept pace to perpetuate peace and soften the aborigines by friendly offices; and, in order to conciliate such a hostile purpose, many of them united in 1756 in an association styled "The Friendly Association for Regaining and Preserving Peace with the Indians," and raised several thousand pounds to enable them to carry out their benevolent designs. They addressed Governor R. H. Morris, in 1756, beseeching him not to declare war against the Indians until they had first tried to bring about a peace by pressents and friendly offices. Failing in this and in their effort to move the General Assembly, they Addressed the Governor at New York, and did all in their power to peacefully avert the dread barbarities of the savage foe. It may be supposed that these designs met with but little sympathy from a large class of inhabitants, who, outraged by continual aggression, believed the only remedy was in the sword. The colony was distracted by these discussions on the subject, and the opponents of the Association held by changed the French with treasonable designs. There were some who added to these feelings of provoked hostility, the still stronger prejudices of bigotry and intolerant fanaticism. The hand set upon the entire shortsighted race as brothers, whose extirpation was a work almost of divine command.

None were stronger in these feelings than the settlers of Lancaster County, in Donegal and Paxton, or Paxtang townships. They were almost all Irish and Scotch, professing stern, unreasoning Presbyterian tenets. A colony of Christian Indians, of the Moravian order, settled at Conestoga, and during the entire period, when the ravages were taking place around them, professed themselves friends of the whites, and lived aloof from the warfare. They were, however, objects of great suspicion to their neighbors, who unreasonably proclaimed, suspected without reasonable cause. Under a pretext that they had countenanced some of the attacks of the hostile Indians, a party of armed men from Donegal and Paxtang township, on the 14th of December, 1763, attacked the Moravian village at Conestoga, and killed fourteen of the Indians, among them Shabosa, a chief, always distinguished by friendship for the whites, and some women and children. Affrighted at the circumstance, the Indians, instead of resisting, fled to Lancaster for refuge. There they were placed for safety in the work-house.—But the fury of the assailants was not aligned by their first massacre; their unbridled passions, and numbers, and repairing to Lancaster at mid-day, forced open the prison, and butchered in cold blood, the unoffending and miserable wretches they found within its walls. The authorities and citizens of Lancaster did nothing to resist this outrage; they had sufficient means to have prevented it, but instead of protection, they rather countenanced the revolting massacre. Unarmed and unprotected, the Indians gathered themselves with their children, before the murderers, pantomoning their innocence, and their love for the English, and as this pretext they all received the butcher.

The story of this cutrocalous and bloody tragedy flew through the colony, exciting the utmost horror and alarm. The Moravian Indians at other settlements repaired immediately to Philadelphia for protection. The barracks at Camptown were first assigned as their quarters, by order of the Governor. But the "Highlanders" stationed there refused to receive them, and in the piercing cold of the month of December, they were removed to Province Island, below the city. The insurgents threatened to march down to destroy them, and the Assembly, intending to appease their lawless designs, passed an act authorizing the incurring of any expenses necessary to prevent them. The Indians, one hundred and fifty in number, affrighted at the prospect, petitioned the Legislature to remove them to England.—This being impracticable, they asked to be placed under the protection of Sir William Johnson, of New York. Governor Morris furnished them with a pass for this purpose, and a pass was also furnished through New Jersey, by Governor Benjamin Franklin. They went under the escort of a company of seventy Highlanders, and proceeded as far as Amboy. But Governor Colden of New York and his council were unwilling to receive them, and General Gage, commander of the English forces in America, ordered them back to Philadelphia, protected by two companies of Royal Americans, and they were placed at the barracks.

The scene at this moment crossed the ire of the "Paxtang Boys," and they determined to insult to Philadelphia and slaughter them.

Strange as it may seem, this was all done in the name of Christianity. The leaders and instigators were all professors, and endeavored to justify their acts by the authority of the Bible: assured to be conversant of God for the punishment of the heathen, and claimed that the entire war given to an inheritance for the saints.

They numbered some hundreds, and as they approached the city the alarm was very great. Its companies of infantry, one of artillery, under the command of Capt. Lesley, and two of horse, were formed to oppose them. The terrified people, in the Northern Liberties, where no Indians were lodged were furnished; their weapons were scanty, the right power of carnage mounted. The Assembly passed a bill extending the provisions of the riot act to the prentices and to the negroes. Its privilege was granted. The "Paxtang Boys" marched on the forces on the Schuylkill, where they found forces prepared to receive them; they threatened the Schuylkill, and they retired to their Germantown. Benjamin Franklin and other citizens, went out to them, and finding the force opposed to them much superior they anticipated what they affected to negotiate, and finally agreed to withdraw, leaving their Brethren Irish and Scotch Gideons, two of their leaders, to lay their grievances before the Government.

The latter, in possession of their instructions unconscionized the feasibility in behalf of themselves and relentlessness of their party. Timbercreek, Berks, and Buckingham counties, in which they endeavored to stir up the people to march upon the Assembly, notwithstanding, passed an resolution declaring that accused of the massacre of Indians should be tried in Philadelphia, or any adjoining county, and ordered a reinforcement for the barracks of the insurgents, although a strong party endeavored to defeat their success. Their immaterial had limited support, and therefore failed to effect; the county of Bucks protested against it; and the people of York took further steps were taken. The insurgents were too wealthy and powerful ever to be brought to justice. No one was arrested or tried, and the barbarous murder of the Christian Indians went unavenged, a fact which will ever remain a damning spot upon the colonial history of Pennsylvania.—*Philadelphia Dispatch.*

OUR WESTERN LAKES.

A correspondent of the Cambridge (Mass.) Chronicle, writing from Lake Superior, thus makes the following calculations, which may be of interest:

July 5.—I have been making some calculations and conversions in relation to the extent of these lakes, some of which will give you and me the last tape, too.

Lake Lake Ontario you can plunge, (i. e. if you can lift her) the whole of our good old Massachusetts, and still leave room; Lake Erie, if you when drained, will make three States equal to Vermont, Connecticut and Rhode Island; Lake Huron with its bays comprises almost exactly as size with Maine; Lake Michigan would contain Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine; while neither of the large States of New York, Pennsylvania or Ohio, is large enough to cover this Lake Superior! Or take these countries which have so perverted the boundary of mankind. The present Kingdom or theatre would be lost in Lake Erie, Italy in Lake Huron, and five-sixths of all England in Superior. Or to say take Scotland to fill up Huron, some of whose Islands are larger than many a Scotsman or Highland Laird. And still the thought is constantly recurring these are mere bodies of fresh water, in part of our Northern boundary.

RECENT "STAGE SCENES IN PARADISE.—It is said for the Western farmers to hail such a change by their own use at Christmas; so when the butchers inquire if they want any meat against Christmas, a stout reply is, "No, we have killed our own meat!" A butcher called on a farmer of his acquaintance in the west country, saying, "Will ye want a bit of meat, sir? will ye have any this Christmas?" "I have no," replied the farmer, "whether Ise will want; for I am a one of Father's!"

ADVERSE CURRENTS FOR THE MUSES.—Oh! What, there has long been known, on a certain calendar, a large hole, timed, or not as uncommon thing in that section of the country. The hole is said to have recently rained of and laid the hole *standing out about ten feet!*

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1845.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 66 Chestnut street, to No. 56 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second* story, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs by the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take the trouble of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers, if our friends will only try. Some will be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they will hereafter send to.

All persons following letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as that of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a bill, would oblige us by stating the number of names on each when they can do so conveniently. ib

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANON. YAWN. We are sorry to decline *anything* from you, but we must do so in this instance. The poet does not say that angel's visits are few and far between—but it is a common one—and our friend will correct the book, he will find the poet's meaning right. For we do not decline the piece on this account, but because it is not suited to our taste, or to those of our readers.

DECLINED. "The Evening Star," and "To A——" are respectfully declined. Not quite up to the height of the Post.

AN APOLOGY.

We owe an apology to our subscribers this week. We have been prevented by the fire & Co., 629 York, one of their admirably constructed, double-cylinder presses out in the interior from the old press to the new, with other changes with which it is not needful to trouble our readers, considerable loss of time was occasioned, and the consequent delay. We are afraid also that some of our papers will not be mailed as well as they should be. We trust, however, we hope to have things in first-rate order soon. When we are now prepared to work away, we have reason to believe it will turn out as good work as any in the country.

THINGS ABROAD.

In addition to our correspondence from Boston in another column, we may state that John O'Connell has addressed a long letter to the people of Ireland encouraging them to secure the repeal agitation. This appeal, it is stated, is not likely to be responded to. Considering the probable scarcity of food, and the late unsuccessful attempt at insurrection, we think that O'Connell had no stomach at present for another agitation.

Mr. O'Gorman and Dr. Reynolds, of Liverpool, are reported to have sought refuge in America.

The Crown Solicitor, it is said, finds some difficulty in convicting Mr. Meagher in the Ballingarry skirmish—and his only course is to have him tried for a lesser crime, that of treason connected with that affair."

Lord John Russell, having investigated the condition of Ireland, as Secretary of State, and the causes of the highest crimes of Dublin, is fully assured that all is comfortable and right, and he short to join his royal relations in Scotland.

The English are in favor of the Sultan in contest in the South, where the trials are to be held. All is still quiet, and it is expected that what starving is to be seen, will be over in the course of the season. If things continue in Ireland as they are much longer, the prospective starvation of next year's meals will be regarded as a matter of course. In favor of this fact, we may state that the Irish Sea had was "the bulwark of Christendom," as she now has been for centuries.

In France all is tolerably quiet. The Assembly is proceeding with the discussion of the Constitution. We see that a petition has been presented to the National Assembly, praying that steps may be taken to enable 10,000 persons to be employed in Paris, to establish themselves in the country of at least, to find employment elsewhere. Can our readers imagine what untold misery and suffering that word "unemployed" contains, in order to it a fact? We were surrounded at robbery, incendiarism, or murder, where there are 10,000 families "unemployed?" Not only "an idle man's home," but an idle man's country, is "the devil's workshop."

A Neapolitan fleet, with a large army on board, has begun on the coast of Africa, to reduce the Sultan to submission to the English, who have a squadron in offer to cooperate. It was believed the Sultan would defend himself to the last in his country. God prosper them in the defence of their sacred religion! Freedom! Down with the cross! Down with the Christian! Down with the Bible! Down with the Sultan! Down with the Pope! Down with the Queen

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1838.

VIEWS A-FOOT.

J. Bayard Taylor has published a second and revised edition of his pedestrian excursion in Europe. T. B. Read has painted a portrait of the author, in his travelling costume, which has been engraved for the work. Those of our readers who have not read Mr. Taylor's book, should make good investment to purchase a copy of this second edition when it appears. Views A-Foot is a delightful volume, and shows what youth, energy and fine talents can accomplish. The following extract from the work, in relation to the cost of travelling in Europe, will prove interesting to many. Mr. Taylor, it will be remembered, spoke from the east:

The cheapest country for travelling, as far as my experience extended, is Southern Germany, where one can travel comfortably on 25 cents a day. Italy and the south of France come next in order, and are but little more expensive: then Belgium, Switzerland and Northern Germany, and lastly Great Britain. The cheapest city, and one of the most delightful in the world, is Florence. I remained there six weeks, lived exceptionally on twelve, and spent as a good many for fun as I chose. I would find no difficulty in spending a month there on fifty dollars, and could make some important excursions from it. Rome, Venice and Naples are kept back from attempting the voyage through the fear of malaria, which is confining, to Leghorn at fifty or sixty dollars, it will be now here little to accompany it, save the pleasure of the sweet atmosphere of Italy. In addition to these particulars, the following memoranda of travel will better show the minimum expense of a two months' journey:

Voyage to Liverpool in the second cabin,	$30 00
Three weeks' travel in England, Scotland,	15 00
a week in London, at three shillings a day,	6 00
From London to Rotterdam,	5 00
a week in Holland and Belgium,	7 00
Passage up the Rhine, about 600 per month,	20 00
Fuel, passports, carriages and other expenses,	10 00
Tour through Ostend, the Hartz, Saxony, Aus-	
tria, Bavaria,	40 00
a month in Switzerland,	10 00
Tour in Northern Italy, about a month and	
one day in Milan,	15 00
From Milan to Genoa,	5 00
Expenses for a month in Florence,	14 00
Four months in Florence,	50 00
Eight days' journey from Florence to Rome,	
two weeks in Rome, voyage to Marseilles,	40 00
Railroad to Paris,	10 00
Two months in Paris,	50 00
From Paris to London,	10 00
Six weeks in London, at three shillings a day,	36 00
Passage home,	30 00
	$372 00

The cost for places of amusement, guides' fees and other incidentals is supposed, and will not be included in the sum total. In $300, for which the tour may be made, having, I suppose, sufficiently detailed this to the reader's patience, I respectfully take leave of him.

ASIATIC CHOLERA.

A physician in St. Louis, Missouri, publishes a full description of the symptoms of the Cholera, as regards an case of Asiatic Cholera. The patient was an Englishman by birth, and said he had the Cholera once in Europe, and knew the symptoms the same disease. He died in forty-eight hours.

The doctor adds that the symptoms should be met at the very earliest moment possible after the appearance of the first symptoms. An exercise recommended against exposure to wet and cold, and tants to resort at once to the following remedy, which, he says, never fails to relieve, if taken in time, with safety. Take gum camphor, gum opium, African capsicum, and oil of cinnamon, of each one drachm, and Hoffman's anodyne liquor, one pint. Shake up the ingredients frequently in a bottle, and take a wine glass full in a little sweetened water. Dose for adults, 20 to 60 drops every second, third or fourth hour, according to stomach and bowels, as they are forced. It should be taken in a wine glass full of water. This, the doctor says, will relieve the patient in the prevalence of the Cholera in 1832, and he found it an excellent preventive of the disease.

DEATH OF MADAME.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 354—adults 56, and children 298.

New Publications.

THE UNION MAGAZINE. The October number of that Cincinnati monthly, "The Union Magazine of Morning," which represents a rather old-fashioned gentleman, sitting up in bed with his night cap on, hugged around with a dressing gown, some remarks the weather, and other signs of the *hard times*, which is a truthful representation of many families. There is also a pretty engraving of the "Hotel de Ville," which is many things, but not a hotel. The article printed in full was so *hard* at all, but simply a Gay Hall, and a Fashion Table, for the ladies. Contributors to this number—Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Caudwell, Miss Lynch, J. Bayard Taylor, Rev. Mr. Tuckerman, Mrs. Kinkaid, Kirkland, Hoffman, &c. &c. Price 25 cents per number; "London Impressions," from which we extract the following interesting paragraphs.

THE QUEEN.

She seemed to us much prettier in every respect than any picture of her we had seen. Her complexion is of the most clear and delicate roses and lilies from dewn to neck. Indeed, exceptionally on account of her head-dress, which is very plain, and from the elegance of her appearance. She was dressed entirely in black, without even the relief of a white tucker, or ornament of any kind, and perfectly attended to her figure and complexion. The Prince Consort was also in deep mourning, and looked very well indeed, but quite behind the queen one gets of him from his pictures. He is a very handsome man, both in the strength of the impression made by one of those fastening sensations, and when more calmly examined. Prince Albert has supplied precisely from any danger or at least a mistake, by an early acquaintance with the Queen. Their marriage was studied with her under the same masters for two or three years. They are said to be happy in their domestic relations, and the English have a deep respect for the private character of the royal family. They certainly have a model wife and mother. She is extremely spirituelle, and makes a point of always attending performances for the benefit of charity, coming for the comfort and improvement of her children, coming for the benefit of the hospitals of which they are, and acquainting herself with the characters of those who have charge of them. We were assured in less than a week after the Queen had not like literary people, that the carriages there, as for as possible, from the queen's wish, to be made as having produced a book as equivalent to two of Scott. A person who has seen the Queen in her full and expensively perfected a plan by means of which the palace interest was essentially benefited, embodied the opinion of the whole court, and was determined by the critics and the public. It was pronounced by a curious test of the judgment of a gentleman, on thanksgiving of the maid, but the Queen absolutely declined receiving both, from fear of her literary character. Some one suggested that he had served with honor in the army, upon which ground her majesty promptly declined appearing at the gentlemen very properly declined appearing at court on their own merits: he had not, however, fought for all, the only person promoted to the office. Somebody says that the Queen is a poetess, and that she has contrived himself twice as often as he composes and one also. But the Queen is only passing her beginning, who will not be surprised if the whole family as a patron, or even an edition of literature!

ENGLISH BEAUTY.

With a strong partiality in favor of English beauty, and a notion that such an occasion as that of the drawing room would afford a fine field for the display of it, we were disappointed in what we appeared in our search. Very few of the ladies were near enough to attract our notice, and many of them fell behind even that. One beautiful woman there was, who seemed to be the observed of all the Marchioness of Donro, though we could not ascertain it. We were told, that that lady, daughter-in-law of the Duke of Argyll, daughter of the Duchess of Sutherland, and she was pointed out to us as a model of beauty. Another among the common people, in the streets of London, was pointed out to us as a beauty, but observe the fresh complexion and bonnie air which we had been taught to expect. Lovelier beauty seems to have been reserved for other climes, and there was real beauty, we did not see it. Pretty children are seen in abundance among the poorer, and so nicely kept! It seems to us, that nobody loves as well as we have to say for the physical perfection of the English. They feed them with the coarse of passable fare, and are astonished when they hear that our people think that the poor in England are the seasoned dishes of their parents. Oat-meal porridge is considered a delicacy, and bread and meat is regarded itself; and a single dinner a-day which, the proper thing, and a single dinner a-day which, the proper thing, and a single dinner a-day which, the proper thing,

Selected Poetry.

BREVITY OF LIFE.

BY FRANCIS QUARLES.

Behold!
How short a time
Was long enough of old,
To measure out the life of man!
In those well-tempered days, life thus was thin
Surveyed, cut up, and lined but moderate years
And ten
Man!
And what is that?
Time, come and slide, and pass,
Reckon my joys one after other with:
The points of time are swift, which having run,
Their current close expires in time, their lived task is done.

Our Days
Begin, and end,
To sleep, to make plays
And hope, and fear the same thing:
Twelve waning moons, twice ten times told, we give,
To unrestored time—we rather breathe than live.

We spend
A tedious fourth
Before the apprehend
What 'tis to live; then a third part, short,
Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys
Which please our senses vainly, and trifling, prove
But toys.

Here rests,
Heaven overclouds, in
Four more, that doth remain
A stave to mock a stave so thin!
His days are short, at longest; low, at most;
They are but bad, at best; yet lavished out, or lost
Then

The
The secret springs
That make it wind,
On wheels more swift than engine' wings!
Our life's a clock, and every part a bell:
Reason doth a warning greet, till time shall strike a knell.

How soon
Our new born light
Attains to full-aged noon!
And this, how soon to grey-haired night!
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we bear
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee as fleet.

They end
When source begins;
And die we suspect
That we begin to live, our life is done.
Man, count the days: and if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy last.

Thoughts for Parents

EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS.

From an admirably written medical work recently published by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, of this city—being a Series of Letters on Females and their Diseases, addressed to his Class by Charles D. Meigs, M. D., Professor in the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, &c., &c.—we take the following conversation between a physician and a young girl and her mother. In the progress of this interesting conversation, the learned and judicious Doctor gives his opinions upon the "forcing system" of education now too much in vogue, and explains the causes of much of the weakness and illhealth in both young girls and women that we see around us. As this is a matter which comes home to every parent's business and interest, "seeing the word business in its highest sense—we hope Dr. Meigs's views will secure that they merit, an attentive perusal and consideration.—*Editor Saturday Evening Post.*

CONVERSATION.

"What is your age, child?"
"Fourteen years, sir."
"Are you sick?"
"No, sir. They say I'm sick, but I don't feel so."
"Have you ever been sick?"
"Yes, I had measles, and scarlet fever, and whooping cough, but that was a long time ago. I have also had some bad colds, occasionally."
"Do you feel strong and healthy?"
"No, not very; but I'm not sick though."
"Are you as fat as ever you were, or are you thinner than you used to be?"
"Why, I am thinner, I suppose, but not much."
"Do you go to school?"
"Oh, yes, I go to—nowhere's school."
"When does school let in?"
"Eight o'clock in the morning."
"How long before it lets out?"
"Half-past one."
"That's five hours—a long session! but what do you do all that time?"
"I am studying my lessons and reciting them."
"What lessons? What is your daily work in school? Tell me all about it? Tell me the whole course of a day's schooling?"
"Why, when we assemble, we have prayers, then a chapter in the Bible, then we recite, then close with a short prayer; after which I recite my lesson in spelling, then English grammar, and next, one in geography."
"Why, when do you get all these lessons?"
"In the evenings, at home."
"Do they keep you late up?"
"Until nine or ten o'clock, sir."
"Well, what comes after geography?"
"Oh! I write sometimes, then study my Latin grammar. When I've got the lesson I recognise the verb, and derive a few nouns and recite some rules."
"What next?"
"I study fifteen or twenty lines in Virgil, which I construe for the teacher."
"Does he make you parse it and scan it?"
"Oh, yes, sir, to be sure, always."
"Have you any other studies?"
"Yes, sir, French."
"And you commit to memory in French, too?"
"Yes, and read, and translate, and write exercises."
"Anything more?"
"Algebra."
"What, algebra? Oh!"
"Oh, yes sir. And then we have lessons in drawing."
"What do you draw?"
"Landscapes, maps, &c., &c., as figures, forms, and what not."
"Any music?"
"I have a lesson on the piano three times a week; but mother makes me practice two hours every day, one before I go to school and one in the evening."
"My poor child, I am sorry for you."
"Why are you sorry for me, doctor?"
"I am sorry to find that you work so hard."
"Oh, no, sir, I am delighted with it!"
"No doubt! no doubt! but it will ruin your health. I don't believe there is anything the matter with you now but weakness, and from your once little heart, you ought to be classing butterflies, or running flowers, or weaving from nice pretty cocoons, such as while morning glories, pale or yellowish; or you should be playing ball, or quoiting the pony, or dancing, or dawdling. You must not do so much work at school, and you shall not, if I can prevent it. You shall not study at all at your health. Do you shall not to Schuylkill every day? or as far as the Columbia?"
"Oh, no, I'm no time! Didn't I tell you I go to school at eight o'clock and come out at two? and then I have two hours in school afternoons."
"The devil you have?"
"Not child—no, doctor, I mean."
"Nothing, only an ejaculation: an exhorted case. When do you get to bed, my dear?"
"About ten o'clock, or soon after ten."
"Do you sleep soundly?"
"Not always. I often get frightened in my sleep with what they call nightmare."
"Not to be wondered at. I should think your poor little head would be too tired to sleep soundly, and that you would be unwilling to solve her pledge of a monstrous twin grammar, or dictionary with a key to it, or geography with a map to it in the nose, staring at you from a pair of dead looking eyes. Do you not usually breakfast?"
"Yes, sir, I have not much appetite for breakfast. I take some cold water and a slice of bread and butter, and make haste to school after my piano practice, for I am so tired in the morning that I can hardly get up, and that keeps me late."
"Here's your dinner?"
"Oh, I take you and preserves, but I can't bear meat, and as for soup, I hate it."
"Oh, dear! poor child to be at school for you! Come, late, sit by me, and let me feel your pulse. Don't be frightened, my dear. Your pulse is not very rapidly tense a monster; and you are fourteen years and you said. You are not grown in proportion to stature. Are you expressed in breathing?"
"What do you mean, doctor?"
"I mean to ask if you can draw a great long breath. So—try it now."
"Why, it hurts me."
"Where does it hurt you?"
"Sometimes in particular, and rather dangerous, like this pencil. It seems like weakness and a tired feeling."
"It does not really you rough, does it?"
"No, doctor."
"Have you headache often?"
"Oh, yes, my head always aches when I wake in the morning; and I run to step the ropes, it aches, and aches, and seems distended."
"I should think so. When a body is pale like you, any exercise makes the head ache and ache. Do you remember ever to have had red cheeks?"
"Oh, yes, doctor. My cheeks, when I was two years old, were so red on the inside of a coach shell."
"Have you grown much of late?"
"Very remarkably; I have grown *half a head* taller in eighteen months."
"Where's your mamma?"
"She's below, sir."
"Send her to me. You need not come back yourself. I shall send for you when I want you."
"Pretty, madam," said I to Mrs. ——, "why do you suppose ails Miss Mary?"
"I can't imagine what it is that has changed her so, doctor. She used to be the healthiest child in the house; merry as a grig, always singing and romping; but now she is dull and sleepy, and has pain and pain and this, and has no natural color in her face. I declare I do not know what is to her. Don't you think so, doctor? She is very pale?"
"I cannot tell. It is possible that her constitution is making an effort in that way; but I wished to ask you some questions that I did not like to address to the child herself. Can you tell me when it was that you first noticed her ill?"
"As to that, she is very irregular, sometimes costive and then again very much the reverse, and that without any evident cause for it. I suppose it may be owing to her living, for I can't get her to eat any good food. She likes nothing of the cakes and confectionate, candies, and all such trashy food."
"Is there any change in her temper?"
"Yes, doctor. She is more irritable and cross than is her custom to be, and she is easily put out; the least thing makes her cry. Indeed, we find her very much changed of late."
* * * * *
"We are very much concerned about her, for she is a child of great spirit, this, and lonsight and cannot be persuaded to walk out, nor does she like to go out in the carriage, but keeps moping her so much so broke. If you give her a book she is not able to study a minute. But I can't let the reads too much, and that her lessons are exhausting her."
"My dear madam, I think if I might venture to speak Latin, I should say can non fatigatio—you have fatigued her by too much head; and I am afraid you will destroy her health unless you make some change in her mode of education."
"But, doctor, that is very difficult. You know that schools are managed by classes, and that we must educate our daughters like other people, or their classes, you know. They cannot be always put back; it would be a great pity to put back a girl at such a case! You wouldn't have her brought up in ignorance, would you?"
"No, certainly, not in ignorance, but I should much prefer to have a daughter healthy, sweet tempered, and cheerful, though ignorant, than learned and algebra, and grammar, than to have me ever so accurate in her knowledge, and sickly, dispirited, or, perhaps, lying under a marble urn at Laurel Hill."
"Why, doctor, you shock me."
"I intend to shock you, madam! I know what you have to look to for your child. I am sure she has great beauty and intelligence, and sweetness of disposition, and I would not for any consideration but that also, of all your friends, and I am grieved to see that, in the impetuous hurry and press of her intellectual and moral education, you are wholly lost sight of a part of her education, without which the chance are of no value, of no effect, but rather poisons, that destroy. I wish to shock you ugly! in order that you may see the danger, and the treatment, you will lose her. She will die, madam!"
"Serious, dear madam! Serious! I am more shocked than I can be depicted. I see my poor child a corpse within a year, to my daughter, an only daughter, and only child, and I am shocked more than I can physician as big as herself, done to death by mere schooling. Why, then you are persuaded that the child has not brains enough to get good and enjoy herself, she would be as beautiful as a flower, and as healthy and cheerful as one, and now, with that painful conviction of uncertain health, you are determined to destroy her by study?"
"What are we to do, then, sir?"
"Do, madam? Do nothing! What can you do? Educate her as a sensible woman would educate her daughter."
"But every body insists on her learning all these things! All the girls learn Latin now."
"I tell you that to me her little heart learning Latin is nonsense. She can't learn it, in the first place. She can only tax it till it makes her sick, and then she'll give it up. Tell me, now, who of all the women in America or England have learned Latin? Nobody. Madam Dacier learned Latin I grant you, but she would have been much better employed in making a cake pudding for her poor husband."
"Ah, doctor! that's the way you men all talk; you think that women are inferior creatures, and that they cannot learn what is very essential in the education of every gentleman."
"Far from it. Instead of thinking that women are inferior creatures, I for one look upon them as infinitely superior in many respects of their understanding, and altogether on morals, to men. But their lot is cast for them: men did not make it; God made it. They cannot, in the present state of society, and probably never will, be admitted to the offices of science or municipalities, because, for the very nature of their moral and physical constitution, they are bound to the locus of the family alter; I for go, they never become captive to some typified of an Amedeus or other evil spirit, who, like constables and Upstarts from the earth, are wasted by and by and deep in the earth, seeking whom they may devour and consume, and from which they may devour the women are inferior beings. I regard them on the contrary as the ministering angels of grace and the source of happiness and virtue, as well as its reward. But in order to be educated it is surely not necessary to have a smattering of Latin and Greek. What is it to Mary that Horace or Virgil said? Or to Victoria that his remain, or Tacitus remove his Comedies? She can read Pinny's letters better in Michael than in Pliny, for Michael is better writer than his author, and as for Tacitus and Virgil, Davidson and Murphy will not rack her brains with them. Let Mary remember, as the Urbem Roman a principio regis labbaret. May waste to grow—she wants to grow, and so she is—but to gent into the anatomy organs of Tacitus's letter in Michael is like Mary